*Tom Snowt*, the Tinker.

*Snowt.* Here *Peter Quince.*

*Quin.* You, *Pyramus* father; my ſelfe, *Thisbies* father; *Snugge* the Ioyner, you the Lyons part: and I hope here is a play fitted.

*Snug.* Haue you the Lyons part written? pray you if it be, giue it me, for I am ſlowe of ſtudy.

*Quin.* You may do it *extempore*, for it is nothing but roaring.

*Bot.* Let me play the Lyon too, I will roare, that I will do any mans heart good to heare me. I will roare, that I will make the Duke ſay, Let him roare again, let him roare againe.

*Quin.* If you ſhould do it too terribly, you would fright the Dutcheſſe and the Ladies, that they would ſhrike, and that were enough to hang vs all.

*All.* That would hang vs euery mothers ſonne.

*Bot.* I grant you friends, if you ſhould fright the Ladies out of their wits, they would haue no more diſcretion but to hang vs: but I will aggrauate my voyce ſo, that I will roare you as gently as any ſucking Doue; I will roare you and t'were any Nightingale.

*Quin.* You can play no part but *Piramus*, for *Piramus* is a ſweet fac't man, a proper man as one ſhal ſee in a ſommers day; a moſt louely gentlemanlike man, therefore you muſt needs play *Piramus.*

*Bot.* Well, I will vndertake it. What beard were I beſt to play it in?

*Quin.* Why, what you will.

*Bot.* I will diſcharge it, in eyther your ſtraw-colour beard, your orainge tawny beard, your purple in graine beard, or your french crowne colour beard, your perfit yellow.

*Quin.* Some of your french crownes haue no haire at all; and then you will play bare fac't. But maſters heere are your parts, and I am to entreat you, requeſt you, and deſire you,



you, to con them by
the palace wood, a
light, there we will
we ſhall be dogd w
In the meane time, I
our play wants. I pra
*Bot.* We will n
obſcenely and cour
*Quin.* At the Du
*Bot.* Enough, hol
*Enter a fairy a*

*Robin.* How now
*Fai.* Ouer hill, ou
Ouer parke, ouer pa
I do wander euery
And I ſerue the Fai
The cowſlips tall; h
In their gold coats
Thoſe be Rubies, F
In thoſe freckles, li
I muſt goe ſeeke ſo
And hang a pearle
Farwell thou Lob
Our Queene and al
*Rob.* The King d
Take heed the Qu
For *Oberon* is paſſin
Becauſe that ſhe, as
A louely boy ſtolle
She neuer had ſo ſ
And iealous *Obero*
Knight of his trai
But ſhe, perforce w
Crownes him with